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The war. Our sailors and soldiers: the Chaplain-General's call for mid-day prayer. [1914-1918]

Smith, J. Taylor, Bp., C.G.

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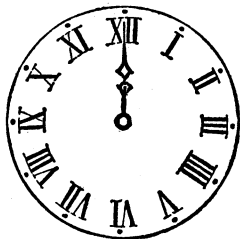
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The War.

OUR
SAILORS
AND
SOLDIERS



The Chaplain-General's
call for Mid-day Prayer.

THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL'S LETTER.

May I ask all people, when the hands of the clock point heavenward at noon, to offer a prayer on behalf of our sailors and soldiers?

I feel sure the knowledge that they are being remembered throughout the Empire at one and the same time will be a great source of comfort, strength, and help.

J. TAYLOR SMITH, Bp., C.G.

**WAR OFFICE,
WHITEHALL.**

Mid-day Prayer.

○ GOD, guard and bless our sailors and soldiers, and give us victory and peace. *Amen.*

Prayer for ourselves and our Allies.

○ ALMIGHTY Lord, who art a most strong tower to all them that put their trust in thee, to whom all things in heaven, in earth, and under the earth, do bow and obey: Be now and evermore our defence; prosper the forces of our King and his Allies; decide the issues of this war according to righteousness; have mercy on all the wounded, our own and of the enemy; succour the dying; comfort the bereaved; cheer the anxious; uphold the faith of thy servants, and give peace and lasting concord. Hear us, O Lord, from heaven thy dwelling-place, and when thou hearest, forgive; through the mediation of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For our Navy and Army.

O ALMIGHTY Lord God, King of kings, and Governor of all things, that sitteth in the throne judging right; We commend to thy Fatherly goodness the men who, as sailors or soldiers, are serving our Empire on sea or land in the war, beseeching thee to take into thine own hand both them and the cause for which they are fighting. Be thou their tower of strength in the midst of the dangers of earthly warfare. Make all bold through death or life to put their trust in thee, who art the only giver of all victory, and canst save by many or by few; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

For the Sailors of our Fleet.

O THOU that slumberest not nor sleepest, protect, we pray thee, our Sailors from the hidden perils of the sea, from the snares and assaults of the enemy. In the anxious hours of waiting, steady and support those on whom the burdens of responsibility lie heavily, and grant that in dangers often, in watchings often, in weariness often, they may serve thee with a quiet mind; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

S.P.C.K., 68, Haymarket, London, S.W.